

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 59.—No. 34.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1881.

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"This is the title of another contribution by our townsman, Mr Bridgeford, to the repertoire of ballad music. The composition is worthy of commendation, for it shows considerable skill in the musical treatment of Mr Lemon's verses. It is a song that will not be despised by a good vocalist, and it will certainly be appreciated by an audience."—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph*.

NEW VOCAL QUARTET.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" Arranged for Soprano, Contralto, Tenor, and Bass by G. B. ALLEN. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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"TIS ALL THAT I CAN SAY" ("I LOVE THEE, I LOVE THEE"). Song. Words by TOM HOOD. Music by HOPE TEMPLE. Sung with distinguished success by Mr Isidore de Lara. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"This song is already tolerably well known and proportionately admired, thanks, in a great measure, to Mr Isidore de Lara, to whom it is dedicated, for whom it was composed, and by whom it is sung. Miss Hope Temple has caught the spirit as well as the rhythm of Hood's half tender, half passionate lines, and the simple expressive melody to which she has set them cannot, once heard, be easily forgotten."—*Pan*.

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FORM OR DESIGN IN VOCAL MUSIC.

FORM OF THE BALLADS.

(Continued from page 512.)

Though the main principle of the ballad plan is the repetition of one complete idea or strain of melody for successive verses of words, there is yet a form within that form. Short as the tunes are there is room for the three elements: balance of key, rhythm, and recurrence of idea.

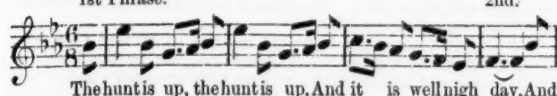
Little as is known of the music with which the ancient Scalds recited their poetry, we know that it must have had rhythm—rhythm, that is to say, of balanced phrases; and this characteristic is retained in all popular music, whether for dancing or singing.

The most usual rhythm is the even balance of four-bar phrases; either six, grouped in pairs, as in the song on the battle of Fontenoy (see ex. 1), four in pairs as in the ballet, "Now is the month of maying" (see ex. 5), or two, as in the following "Hunt's up," probably of Henry VIII.'s time:

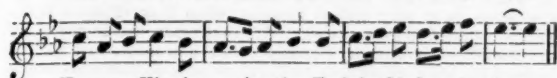
Ex. 8.

1st Phrase.

2nd.



The hunt is up, the hunt is up, And it is well nigh day, And



Harry our King is gone hunting, To bring his deer to bay.

A "Hunt's up" was a common title for a morning song, whatever the subject of it.

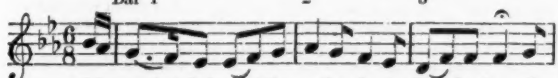
Many varieties of rhythm are to be found. That of "Sumer is i-cumen in" has already been spoken of. Another variety is that of the three-bar phrases found in English jigs and hornpipes, as the following, called "Bartholomew Fair," a tune of 1695, and probably much older:

Ex. 9.

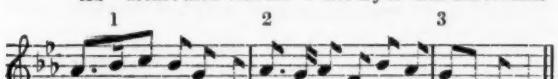
Bar 1

2

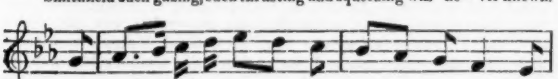
3



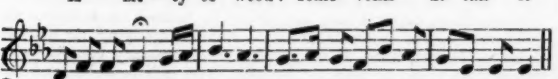
Ad - zooks! che's went the o-ther day to Lon-don town. In



Smithfield such gazing, such thrusting and squeezing was ne - ver known.



A zit - ty of wood! some folks do call it



Bartledom Fair, But che's zure nought but kings and queens live there.

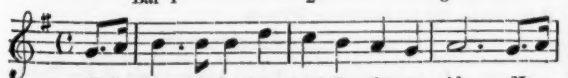
A tune of different character but also of three-bar phrases, is "Death and the Lady," which is given by Henry Carey, in 1738, as "the old tune:"

Ex. 10.

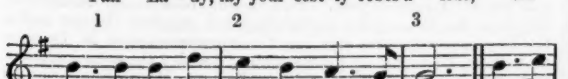
Bar 1

2

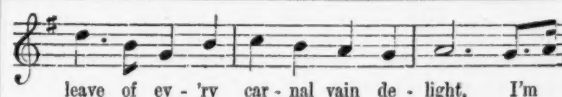
3



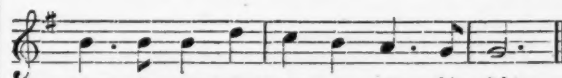
Fair La - dy, lay your cost-ly robes a - side, No



long - er may you glo - ry in your pride: Take



leave of ev - 'ry car - nal vain de - light, I'm



come to sum - mon you a - way this night.

"All in a garden green" (1651), has three phrases of four bars, followed by another extended to six as a sort of coda:

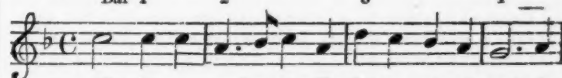
Ex. 11.

Bar 1

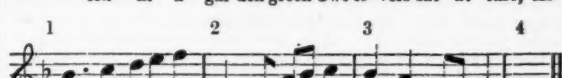
2

3

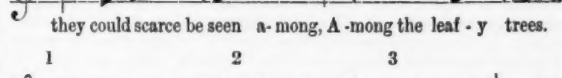
4



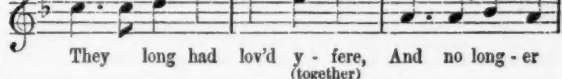
All in a gar-den green Two lo-vers sat at ease, As



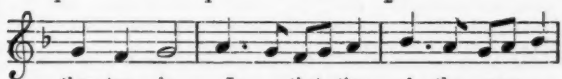
they could scarce be seen a - mong, A - mong the leaf - y trees.



They long had lov'd y - fere, And no long - er



(together)



than tru - ly In that time of the year,



In that time of the year Com-eth 'twixt May and Ju-ly.

OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

(To be continued.)

PROJECTED COST OF A NEW THEATRE.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I read in your issue of August 13 that a new theatre is about to be erected at Carlsbad, and that "the estimated cost is 250,000 florins." Are you rightly instructed?

[No. The theatre is to be ready for the season of 1884, by which time "the estimated cost" is as likely as not to be doubled. C. QUERR.]

A NEW OPERA BY BALFE.—Mr Carl Rosa will produce during the season at Her Majesty's Theatre, commencing on January 14, 1882, in addition to four works by Wagner, an opera by Balfe, *The Painter of Antwerp*, originally written to Italian words by Piave, and produced with great success at Trieste in 1856, Balfe's best and most artistic period, under the title of *Pittore e Duca*. It contains a wealth of melody of that ear-taking character for which Balfe was famous, and will doubtless be received with great favour, as well for its own sake as in remembrance of the past. The story is interesting, and deals with that period when the Spaniards were masters of the Low Countries. The English adaptation has been made by Mr W. A. Barrett.—*Morning Post*, August 16.

[How often has *Pittore e Duca*, Balfe's Trieste opera, been spoken of in these columns as one of its prolific composer's most effective works? Now, thanks to the enterprising Mr Carl Rosa, we are to have an English version of it, from a thoroughly able pen, performed in London. Good.—D. BEARD.]

THE PLEASURES OF YOUTH.

Drury Lane has got a hit that will last as long as *The World*—even with two comets about. Messrs Harris and Meritt are to be congratulated, especially Harris. The piece is of the *Formosa* type, only without the *Formosa* epigrams. It depends upon its action rather than on its dialogue, on good situations, striking *tableaux*—they're always "striking" the *tableaux*—and, above all, strict and careful drill, and intelligent rehearsal.

Act. I.—Exterior of Beechley Church—not at all a beechly church to look at. Service, with organ of course (never without an organ in stage-worship), going on within. Mr Ryder appears as the Vicar. The last time we saw him was as a Mendicant Friar, but he has now settled down as a prosperous Anglican Vicar, with, we should say, judging from the cut of his coat, decidedly High Church views. Were the height of his views to be measured by that of his hat, they would be beyond anything at present known to Ultra-Ritualists, but the notorious fact that these latter religionists never wear tall hats, but have a weakness for black wide-awakes and a clerical pot-hat with very broad brim, which might be worn by a cardinal in mourning, saves him from such an imputation. Unlike Mr W. S. Gilbert's Vicar in *The Sorcerer*, who sings of old loves—"Ah me, I was a pale young curate then," the Rev. Mr Darlington has only to look back to his pre-ordination days, when, from his own showing, he did go it rather, and knew his way about slightly. It is rather hard on him twenty-three years after he has given up his wicked ways, and become a Vicar'd man with a wife and one son, that he should be suddenly confronted by Mrs Walsingham (Miss Louise Willes), whom, in his pre-clerical days (we hope it did happen before he was a pale young curate, though he never distinctly states the fact), he had—not to put too fine a point upon it—ruined and deserted. Mrs Walsingham starts, and calls him "Joseph!"—he starts, exclaiming "Hester!"—whereupon she becomes Hester-ical, but soon pulling herself together, asks him very practically to let her the cottage she was born in, in this very village of Beechley. [Tableau 1.—*The Vigorous Vicar and the Vicar'd old Woman. "After many changing years, how sweet it is to come," &c.*] Just think of that;—and Mrs Darlington—whom, probably, the schoolboys (capital schoolboys they are in Act I., and quite capable of any lark of the sort) call "Old Mother Darlington"—within a stone's throw! And what stones! what throwing there would be! The Rev. Joseph foresees it at a glance, and thinks to himself "Not for Joe!" Mrs Walsingham's request being refused, she, true to her name, vows that she'll lead him a pretty dance. Alas! poor Joe! Then she leaves him—"old Joe kicking up hind and afore, and the yellow gal a-kicking up behind old Joe!" But the Rev. Joe has brought it on himself, and the audience to a woman are down on him from the first, have no sympathy for him from this time forth, think him a jolly old humbug, deride his excuses, and howl at his sentiments. No matter what he says, religious, moral, or purely sentimental, the audience "Joey" him, and form themselves into an anti-humbug society on the spot. If the Rev. Joseph had only behaved handsomely—if he had been "handsome Joe" in that early *amour*—all might have been well; but he was "stingy Joe," and by his own confession as mean a cuss as ever stepped, and so down comes Mrs Walsingham as his Nemesis. Poor Joe! he can only look back and say, "She was werry good to me, *she was*;" but he was werry bad to her, *he was*.

So his son Frank (Mr Augustus Harris) goes wrong with Eve de Malvoisie (Miss Marie Litton)—some relation perhaps of the Sieur de Framboisie, so celebrated under the Empire—and after a scene in a canoe, and a good deal of canoodling in the Boat-Cottage Garden, he marries her. [Tableau 2.—*Very Moving. A Change of Scene strongly recommended by the Faculty. "Striking" effect.*] But Eve is an adventuress, and really in love with a Major Randal Reckley (Mr W. H. Vernon), who is a thorough-paced villain, and can't act cor-rectly on any occasion. At any moment we were prepared for this nefarious person being killed by some one (probably the comic convict, Mr Nicholls), who would exclaim, "Die-reckley!" and would then and there shoot him. But no, he lived to the end, to be duly punished with the other wicked people. Poor Frank is run into fearful extravagance by Eve—they live in what the authors modestly term "Rooms," which show us what, in the opinion of Messrs Gillow & Co., who designed and furnished them, a young man's "Rooms" should be. [Tableau 3.—*Frank's Rooms—perhaps in Buckingham Palace. Figures to Scale. A Black Business.*] We question the policy of this advertisement on the part of this eminent Firm. "Heavens!" any parent will exclaim on seeing this small portion of a palatial Japanese residence, situated somewhere overlooking the Serpentine—though we never remember to have noticed it—"My boy musn't go to Gillow for his rooms and furniture if *this* is the sort of thing! Why, the lad's only got a hundred-and-fifty a year; and if this is the eminent Firm's idea of Apartments Furnished

in a Model Lodging-House, why I shall be a Flat myself to let him go there!"

The Rev Darlington visits Frank, gives him coin, confides to him that he has been a young dog himself once on a time, and boasts that in those dog-days he had never trained a young gazelle to glad him with her bright blue eye, but what, when she came to love him well, he could always leave her at a moment's notice without the slightest compunction. Heartless old Joe! His morality receives a severe shock when he hears that his son has actually married Eve. Then Frank is condemned for a forgery which the Reckless Reckley had committed, serves his time as a convict, where we see him in prison, condemned to the hard labour of, apparently, making mud-pies on a tray, the proceedings being varied by a great deal of conversation and a murderous assault on a warder—which involves one of the best hand-to-hand realistic struggles between Mr Harris and Mr Estcourt that we've seen for a long time. Frank gets a ticket-of-leave, enlists, goes off to India—in spite of Reckley, who Indi-reckley tries to stop him.

The Embarkation Scene is excellent—that's where the Stage-Manager-Ship of Mr Harris comes in—and goes out; and the Lessee of Drury Lane may pride himself on possessing not only the largest share in the Theatre and the Piece, but the Biggest Property in the world—and yet the Public will see this "Vast Property for Sail" for many a night to come. [Tableau 4.—*Mr Harris embarks on his successful Stage-Manager-Ship.*]

We were glad to recognize our old musical friend and Composer, Mr Arthur Matthison, as the Colonel—no, not at the Prince of Wales's—but as Colonel Dalton, and we fully expected a song. But he didn't. Once there was just a chance of it—during the Embarkation Scene, at a very critical moment, when that villainous Major Reckley wanted to overhear what Mrs Darlington was saying to her son Frank. Mr Arthur Matthison took him aside, and at that moment the band struck up a plaintive melody, so that it seemed as if the military musician, out of consideration for the Darlingtona, had just said to the Major, "I'll hum over a little thing—air and words all my own—while the band does the accompaniment." The Major perhaps objected to the Minor, and the subject was dropped. At Hawk's Point Colonel Matthison again distinguished himself, by making a splendid declaration about the "sacred flag," and then, as far as we could make out, he got carefully behind everybody well out of danger, standard and all. [Tableau 5.—*Hawk's Point. Daring Bravery of British Troops. Extraordinary Escape of an Artful Afghan.*]

The Afghans may be a very artful people, deceiving us with false signals, but they are a feeble folk, and the first of them who entered while the British soldiers were firing away like mad, appeared to be simply a harmless deaf old gentleman bearing a strong resemblance to the venerable Indian who still sweeps a crossing in Regent Street, who, having somehow lost his way, was prepared to apologise for the intrusion, and was quite surprised, in fact, at there being anyone about at that time.

But this was, of course, only his artfulness, as in another second he was followed by a very stout Afghan, and several other Afghans vaguely waving their swords without any visible effect on anybody, and all, like the first, strongly resembling the aforesaid crossing-sweeper, so that they might have been an army of crossing-sweepers. Who was victorious we couldn't quite ascertain; but the Comic Convict had his sins forgiven him by Colonel Matthison, without which ceremony, he averred, he couldn't die comfortably, and Mr Harris was wounded while gallantly doing something or other which, in the last Act, was the cause of his appearing decorated with the Victoria Cross, or, as it may appositely be termed on behalf of his collaborateur, the Order of Meritt. Anyone applying for another Order of Meritt, must be informed of the necessary conditions on which alone it can be held:—"Evening dress indispensable, and Not admitted after seven." [Tableau 6.—*Captain Augustus Harris, decorated with the Reward of Meritt, bows his acknowledgments.*]

Of course all the bad 'uns are punished, the good rewarded, and the last Act is short, for everyone wants to get out, quaff the "flowing bowl," wash the gunpowder of Hawk's Point out of their throats, drink success to the Play, and, if there are any faults, put them down to the follies of Messrs Harris and Meritt's *Youth*. And may it be Youth-full for months!—Punch.

SAIGON.—Hitherto the grant allowed the manager of the Theatre was 20,000 francs a year. This having been found insufficient, although the Town gave the building and supplied the gas gratis, the French Government have, on the representation of M. Le Myre de Villiers, Governor of Cochinchina, doubled the annual amount, and also placed a transport at disposal of the Manager, to bring his company from France.

SINGERS IN FORMER DAYS.*

I.

When your landlord raises your rent a third every quarter; when a tailor charges sixty francs for a pair of trousers, which he sold for thirty, five-and-twenty years ago, though cloth to-day is not worth half it was then; when a workman demands ten francs a day for ten hours' labour, while fifteen years ago he received from four to five francs for working twelve: when, lastly, every one engaged in trade or commerce makes a hundred per cent. more profit than he did twenty years since, people say nothing: they think it perfectly natural, but they create a fine to-do if a singer gains a hundred thousand or two hundred thousand francs a year. "It is scandalous!" says the milliner who asks five louis for a bonnet once marked forty francs. "It is ridiculous!" exclaims the dressmaker, who prices at fifteen hundred francs a so-called *négligé* dress. And the chorus repeat very indignantly in the minor key, "It is ridiculous! It is scandalous!" "Our ancestors were more reasonable," add the grave individuals who are the heavy fathers of the comedy called the world, and of whom M. Joseph Prudhomme is still the chief.

"Gently, my scrupulous gentlemen!" we would beg to observe. "Gently, my outraged and fair friends! Are you quite sure our progenitors were more moderate than we are, when their pleasures were concerned?" I have reasons for believing that—if there is any madness in the matter—their madness was as great as ours. In my notice of a dramatic budget of the 15th century, I had occasion to remark that the beautiful Dionysia, the first actress who appeared on the Latin stage, received two hundred thousand *sesterces*, or fifty thousand francs; now, fifty thousand francs in the time of Ovid would be worth two hundred thousand at present. You must know, if you are not yet aware of the fact, that all the great actors of ancient Rome were millionaires. *Æsop*, the most celebrated tragedian of his day, as well as the greatest debauchee and the most reckless spendthrift, left his son twenty millions of *sesterces*, the wreck of his fortune. In other words, five million francs! A nice little wreck, was it not? The farmer of the Games paid *Roscus*, as *Cicero*, without complaining much, informs us, five hundred thousand *sesterces* a year, and *Roscus* frequently performed for nothing, to retain the favour of the people.

Performing gratuitously on certain solemn occasions was an art as far back as in the time of the great *Roscus*. Puffing has been practised at every epoch, even on the stage. It strikes me that it would now be interesting to see whether the nightingales of the lyric past, whether the sirens of the old Opera and the male singers of the 18th century—I do not want to go back to the deluge—were better or not so well remunerated as the vocalists of the 19th century. When I have made my comparison, I have reason to believe that those who are so scandalized with the present state of matters will put the mute on their indignation. Above all things, however, we must bear in mind that, if certain singers, male and female, insist upon extravagantly large salaries, or excessive *encouragement*, as *Napoleon I.* would have put it, no one is compelled to submit to them; they do not clap a pistol to the manager's head; they do not force him to sign an engagement under penalty of death; still less can they force themselves on the public, who retain the liberty of going or not going to hear them just as they, the said public, choose, while every one must under all circumstances invest in clothes, food, and lodging. Music is not obligatory like meat. The theatre is not an object of primary necessity like wine, the price of which rises every year though the quality does not improve; on the contrary. Recollect, too, that in every case a person can regulate the sum he expends. He may give ten francs or forty sous to hear *Mme Judic*, and fifteen francs or three to listen to *Mme Krauss*. I might compare music to painting, and prove that pictorial is more expensive than musical art. Thus, if a millionaire pays a hundred thousand francs for a canvas by *Meissonier*, which he will hang up in his gallery and which will be visible only to a few privileged amateurs, it is evident, looking at the matter in the light of M. Prudhomme aforesaid, that he commits a greater act of folly and one less profitable both to art and the public, than the manager who gives *Mme Patti* five thousand francs a night. I must, however, make some reservations with regard to the enormous salaries received by certain artists. While acknowledging that singers, like paint-

ers and sculptors, are entitled to demand whatever they think fit, and while not blaming the manager who gives them their terms, I do so on condition that art receives no detriment. Let me explain: All or nearly all the budget must not be sacrificed to the "Star," even though the latter be indescribably bright. If, under the pretext that you are obliged to cover your prima donna with gold, you surround her with only mediocrities, contented with a morsel of bread or not much more; if you cut down your orchestra, your *mise-en-scène*, and your chorus, in order to make both ends meet, you profane art, for the general performance will be one of which you ought to feel ashamed; the public no longer come to enjoy a famous work but to hear a marvellous voice. This is no longer art but a mere exhibition; and, instead of applauding your liberality towards your prima donna, both audience and critics ought to condemn you without pity. The canvas of a master should have a magnificent frame or none at all. A great artist should be well supported. If he will not have this, if he wants only nobodies around him, in order to bring out his talent more strongly—frequently a bad plan—he is no longer an artist.

(To be continued.)

PRESS v POST.

Local Centre, Trinity College, London.
43, Oxford Street, Liverpool,
August 14, 1881.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—In current issue of *Musical World*, page 519, "Crouch," "Liverpool Evening Post" should be "Liverpool Evening Express." There is no such paper as *Liverpool Evening Post*. See to it and oblige

JAMES J. MONK.

[For this relief much thanks.—E. Querr.]

COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.—At the concert on Wednesday night the first part of the programme was again almost exclusively absorbed by music of a certain character, to which by apparently common agreement the term "classical" is applied. Probably half the large audience were attracted to this, just as the other moiety were attracted to the miscellaneous selection, the Floral Hall (and its recent privileges) enabling them to escape the infliction of a symphony. Nevertheless, the symphony chosen for the occasion was as spontaneous and enlivening as anything that came after, being no other than Beethoven's "No. 1" (in C major), which it is the cant of the "advanced school" to "pooh-pooh," but which Mendelssohn, who (poor fellow!) had no sympathy with that school, told Johann Christian Lobe (as related in the "Conversations"), pleased him from time to time just as much as any other of the "Nine," including the "No. 2" (in D), that other symphony underrated by what Schumann would call the "Philisters," who could not for the life of them have written a page of either. The symphony was very effectively given under the direction of Mr Gwyllyn Crowe, listened to with interest from beginning to end, and each of its four movements applauded. The romantic overture to *Oberon*, to name which is to praise, Mr Arthur Sullivan's (really) "Graceful Dance," from his incidental music to *Henry VIII.*, an *Entr'acte* from Schubert's *Rosamunde* ("beautiful exceedingly"), and Rossini's bright and tuneful overture to *Semiramide* were the other orchestral pieces. The pianist on this occasion was Miss Bessie Richards, whose delicate touch and pure musical feeling were displayed to much advantage in the melodious *andante* from Mendelssohn's First Concerto, to the *finale* of which she imparted congenial spirit, winning a "re-call" at the end of her performance. A "romance," so called, by Mendelssohn, actually a *Lied ohne Worte*, composed for the once-famous violincellist, Mlle Christiani, and perfectly rendered by Mr Edward Howell, was the other instrumental solo. The singers were Mlle Elly Warnots, Miss Mary Cummings, and Mr A. Oswald, who gave examples respectively from Lotti, Handel, and Meyerbeer, in each case to the manifest satisfaction of their hearers. The second part, in which the band of the Coldstreams assisted, was of the usual miscellaneous character. In the absence of Mr Carulli, the place of leading violin was taken by his clever associate, Mr Victor Collins.—*Con. Luc.*

* From *Le Mécontent*.

WINCKELMANN.*

It is curious that in England, where art and its development occupy so large a share of public attention, the Father of the History of Art should remain comparatively neglected. The claim of Winckelmann to that title, given him by his countrymen, is acknowledged with tolerable unanimity; among us, however, that acknowledgment has been of the most formal kind. English admiration of Winckelmann has been more than platonic. We have praised him in the abstract, but we have neglected to read him. All Winckelmann's writings were translated into French, and his *opus magnum*, *The History of Ancient Art*, had scarcely seen the light when no less than two French editions appeared, published in Paris and Amsterdam respectively, though in so inaccurate and clumsy a form that Winckelmann had to insert a protest in the newspapers. Contemporary Italian renderings of his works, also, are not wanting. The English contributions to the Winckelmann literature in the last century were, on the other hand, few and far between, the most important one being, perhaps, a translation of his first work, entitled *Reflections concerning the Imitation of the Grecian Artists in Painting and Sculpture*, and published at Glasgow in 1766. Winckelmann is here called "Abbé" and "Principal Librarian to His Prussian Majesty," both denominations showing some degree of ignorance on the part of the translator. For Winckelmann, although a convert to the Church of Rome, persistently refused to take orders in that Church, and the title "Abbé" could be applied to him only by courtesy and in conversation; he likewise declined the offer of a librarianship, made him by the great Frederick, for the excellent reason that the economical king refused to grant him the moderate salary of £300. "The king is not aware," writes Winckelmann, "that a man who forsakes Rome for Berlin, and who is not compelled to offer his services, should receive at least as much as he to whom a call is sent from the Frozen Ocean, from St Petersburg. . . . I can say, with an equal degree of justice, what a *castrato* said in a similar case at Berlin: '*Eh bene! faccia cantare il suo generale.*'"

The translation of Winckelmann's chief work already named comes to us from America. Dr Lodge has been engaged upon his task for a number of years. At first he contemplated the rendering of only part of *The History of Ancient Art*, that chiefly concerned with the treatment of the nude, and this section was published in America a good many years ago and duly reprinted in London. The success of this first essay encouraged the translator to go on with his work, the result being before us in the shape of two handsome volumes, containing the complete history with a life of Winckelmann prefixed, and with all the plates of the original American edition. English students of art will welcome the re-issue of this important and, in a manner, classical book. It fills, indeed, a serious gap in our literature. Dr Lodge, it should be added, has done his work in a conscientious and highly creditable manner. His style is not very graceful or fluent, but it is marked by a simplicity and dignity which atone for some degree of stiffness, and supply, upon the whole, a faithful equivalent of Winckelmann's own manner. For he, also, was not a *glib littérateur*, after the model, for instance, of Voltaire; neither had he the force and command of language characteristic of every sentence that fell from the pen of Lessing. Literature with him, indeed, was never a passion, a self-sufficient aim—rather a medium for conveying the ideas and the accumulated knowledge on the subject dearest to his heart. Goethe evidently felt this fact when he pointed out that to Winckelmann the poets of Greece and Rome were of interest, not as poets, but as sources for the history of antique sculpture and painting.

Before speaking of Winckelmann's work we must say something of himself. The interconnexion between a man's life and a man's work is, indeed, more than usually close in his case. The one cannot be fully understood without the other. If Winckelmann had left no permanent result of his career behind him, that career would be anything but sublime; on the other hand, his books would lose some of their personal interest did one not know to what sacrifices of comfort, of worldly advantage, and, perhaps, of conviction, they owe their origin.

Johann Joachim Winckelmann was born on December 9, 1717, amid circumstances as unfavourable as can well be imagined to the passionate lover of beauty and the future historian of art. Stendal, in the dreary regions of Brandenburg, was his birthplace; his father was a cobbler, a mender, not even a maker of shoes, as the biographers take care to inform us. He was, however, allowed to

attend a day school, where his industry and indomitable power of application attracted the notice of his teachers, more especially of the excellent rector, Wilhelm Tappert, who employed the young scholar as his reader and secretary. Roman and Greek literature, history and archaeology were his favourite pursuits, and the library of the Stendal *gymnasium*, or grammar school, still preserves some Roman urns discovered by its famous pupil. It would be needless as well as painful to follow Winckelmann through the earlier and darker stages of his career. In those days two ways were open to the sons of the poor who had risen from the ranks by intellect and learning—the Church and the School. Both these ways, alike uncongenial to him, Winckelmann tried. He studied at various Universities, became a *candidatus theologicæ*, was a schoolmaster for five years and not a successful one, despairing over blockheaded pupils and quarrelling with his colleagues, but always managing to continue his classical studies in the intervals of drudgery. One longing filled his heart—to see Italy and study antique art, where alone in those days, and, perhaps, in our own, it could be studied. "I am determined to establish myself in Rome on some footing or other," he wrote many years before the achievement of that supreme wish, and this burden of his song is heard in his letters to his most intimate friends with monotonous reiteration. Some hope of brighter things was opened to him when he obtained employment as sub-librarian to a Count Bühnau at Nöthenitz, near Dresden, and thus was brought into connexion with the scholars and *dilettanti* of that art-loving city, among whom the Papal Nuncio at the Saxo-Polish Court, Archinto, was prominent. To Archinto, who treated the unknown young German with the utmost cordiality, Winckelmann confided his wish to see Italy, and the genial priest promised him every assistance. One obstacle alone remained. No introduction, however influential, could be of much use to a Protestant in Rome. Any chance of official employment was, of course, out of the question; social success would be equally difficult; and what was infinitely more important to Winckelmann than either, even his intercourse with the tolerant *savants* of the Papal Court would be impeded by avowed heresy. The remedy was obvious, and Winckelmann was prepared to adopt it. He complacently listened to the doctrinal arguments of Father Rauch and other Jesuits, and on July 11, 1754, in the private chapel of the Nuncio, solemnly adopted the Catholic religion. It is at this period chiefly that one must recall to mind Winckelmann's high artistic aims and the general tone of his mind to judge of his conduct without undue harshness. That in ordinary circumstances that conduct would have been abominable it is useless to deny. It serves no purpose to mince matters. The plain truth is that, in order to obtain means for a journey to and a permanent position in Rome, Winckelmann became a renegade, and outwardly adopted a faith with which he had no sympathy whatever. On this point he is himself perfectly candid. "I have at length taken the unhappy step," he writes to a friend, "which I had evaded a year ago with difficulty;" and in another place he implores the forgiveness of his protector, Count Bühnau, in not very dignified terms: "An enlightened eye, with which your Excellency, after the likeness of the Deity, is accustomed to look upon things as a whole, will easily be able to find excuses for me. Shame and sorrow do not permit me to write more." The "shame and sorrow" of which Winckelmann speaks were caused exclusively by the pain his apostasy might give to his benefactor and friend. Conscientious scruples he had none, and could not have, for the simple reason that the faith he had deserted was as indifferent to him as that to which he turned. His religion, apart from his intense worship of antique beauty, was confined to a vague kind of Deism, independent of, and, therefore, compatible with, any form it might be most convenient to adopt. Even in his early Protestant days his friends seem to have suspected him of scepticism and indifference, and it is a significant fact that when the new convert arrived in Rome, the works of Voltaire were found in his portmanteau and confiscated, or, at least, detained for three weeks at the Custom House. Whatever may be thought of such an attitude of mind, it should be remembered that it was by no means uncommon among the intelligent classes in the latter part of the eighteenth century. This is sufficiently proved by the extreme leniency with which Winckelmann's step was judged by men of all parties. He lost few, if any, of his friends, and Goethe, writing half-a-century afterwards, discovers in Winckelmann's apostasy "something that increases the romantic charm of his life and character to our imagination."

[A masterly translation of Winckelmann's *History of Ancient Art*, from the scholarly pen of the late Mr John Oxenford, written expressly for the *Musical World*, was published, week by week, in 1848-9.—D. P.]

(To be continued.)

* *The History of Ancient Art*. Translated from the German of John Winckelmann, by G. Henry Lodge, M.D. Two vols. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.

A VIRTUOSO OF MANY SIDES.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—“Once more we hear from Vienna,” says the *Graphic*, “that Anton Rubinstein is about to relinquish public playing and devote himself exclusively to composition.” “Those strange persons,” nevertheless (as the late Henry Fothergill would have called them), who are always in raptures with the playing of the fiercest virtuosi, as too intensely utter, and who endeavour to “live up to it,” like the aesthetes in the *Colonel* (blessed old *Colonel*!) to the teacups without handles, need not be afraid. The Antæus of the pianoforte will go on playing as long as he finds it profitable, however the impetuosity that grows perceptibly with years may influence more or less the point and accuracy of his execution. His retirement from the public arena has so often been proclaimed far and wide that each fresh announcement is now only looked upon by the initiated as a myth, and the fact is simply regarded in the light of a sensational advertisement for his next public performances. The playing of this renowned virtuoso not long since, in St James’s Hall and elsewhere, was so unequal—often, indeed, so conspicuously open to unfavourable comment, as to make the apparent engorgement of a certain number of hearers for whom nothing is satisfying but “higher development” appear (to sober and impartial judges) supremely affected. The report has already been contradicted by the *Berlin Musik-Welt*, but it will start up again, and again be contradicted as on previous occasions—a new method of advertisement. Rubinstein intends passing the winter in St Petersburg, giving up his time to the composition of a ballet, an opera, a symphony, an oratorio, and (it is rumoured), a *quodlibet*. So that apprehension tends in another direction. Amateurs of a separate persuasion may feel disappointed at not being disappointed. If our vertiginous virtuoso persists in covering music-paper with notes, and wins fame by it, the Prophet of Weimar, when done with the *Book of Johannes*, will, after the manner of his *Book of Robert*, indite and cause to be printed in the *Bayreuther Blätter*, a *Book of Anton*—a book, as it were, of one who dares to dispute his omnipotency. But the most tempestuous of virtuosi hath, according to Shaver Silver, many sides, and smitten simultaneously from all points of the compass, may manage to escape through a side wind, or, as it were, a sidereal conjunction. If, which is not incredible, he has as many leaves as sides, the sooner he turns over a new leaf the better. All might be put to rights by a perusal of the *Ragguagli di Parnaso* of Boccacini, especially *Ragguaglio LVII of the Centuria Prima*. In that *Ragguaglio* will be found the answer of Franz Schubert—to do a good turn for Schumann (who, in speaking of him to the *SUN* instead of to the “Stars,” and coaxing F. M. B. to have the gigantesque “C major” performed in the Gewandhaus, did a good turn for Schubert). About this “G. G.” may be spoken with; about Boccacini (Trajano) consult Shaver Silver, Groker Roores, Thaddæus Egg, and the “Author of Eleven Songs.” But it should never be forgotten, after all, that Ibnal Kattab wrote a letter to Heraclitus at Constantinople. Yours,

Long.



Fine! Per Hercle! “Piano, piano, c’innoltriamo.”—C. A. B.

[Mighty fine—the finest passage I remember except one I heard on Mount Araby; but this is finer, and would be finer still *sogenannter Krebs* (not Marie, “straight and onward like a swan”), *ruckgängiger Bewegung*—so to speak:—

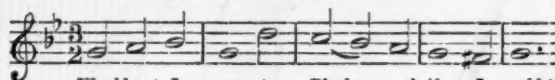


Dr Blidge.]

“SIMS REEVES AND THE ‘DEATH OF NELSON.’”

The subjoined letter appeared in a recent number of the *Blackpool Observer*:—

“SIR,—Last week a correspondent of the *Manchester Examiner and Times* observed that he should like to hear Mr Sims Reeves sing ‘The Death of Nelson’ at one of the Blackpool concerts. I am in a position to say that at the next concert at which Mr Reeves appears—which will be in the course of a week or two—this desire will be gratified. Mr Wm. Pyatt has put before Mr Reeves the wish which generally exists to hear the first of English tenors sing that stirring song, Mr Reeves readily complied with Mr Pyatt’s request to give it a place in the next programme.”



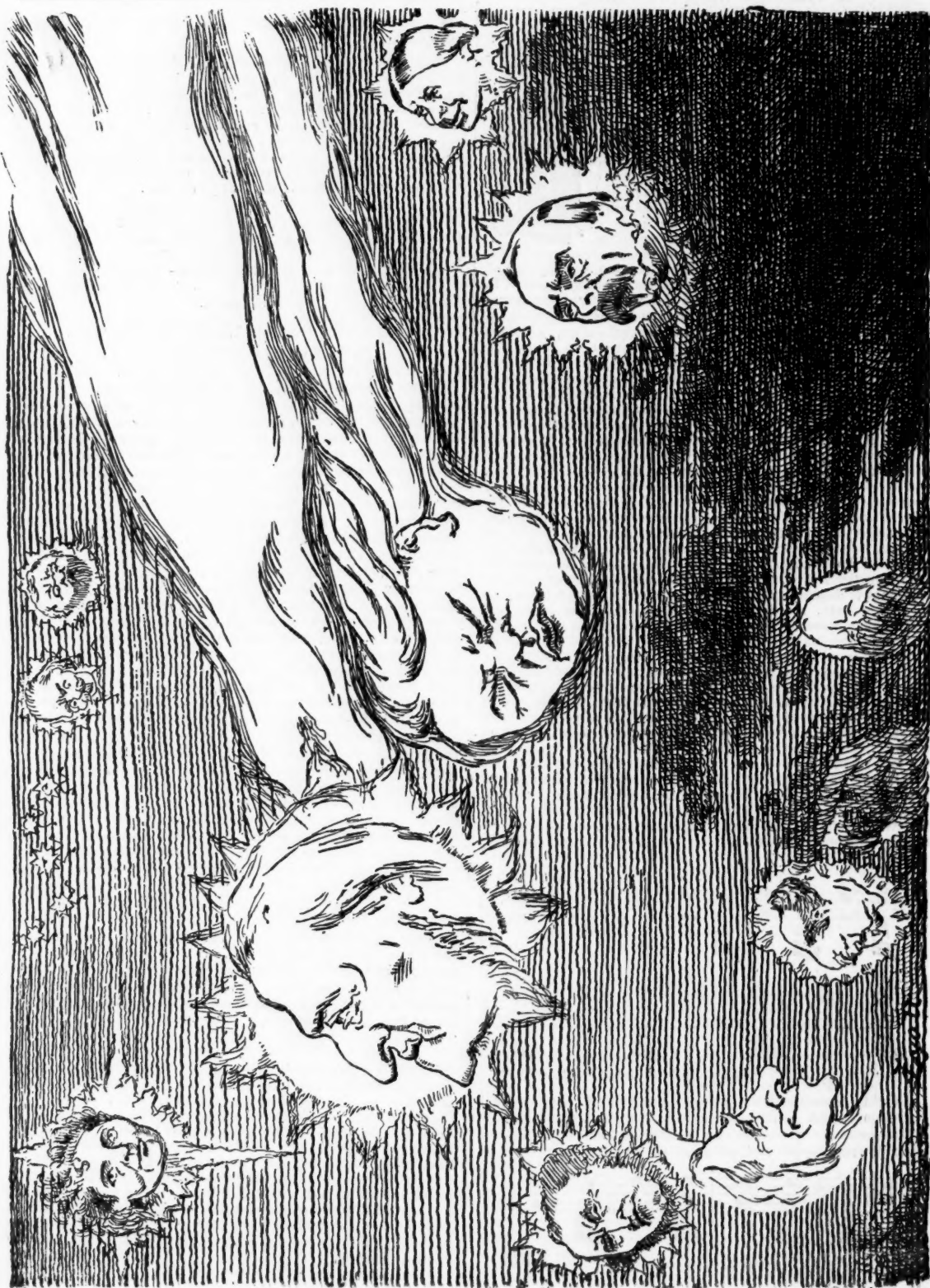
Would not I go to Black-pool if I could!
Dr Blidge.

KALAKUA’S MUSICAL ESTABLISHMENT.

According to his own account, King Kalakua was very much pleased with the music of the Prussian army. The *Berliner Tageblatt* informs its readers that his Majesty has a native military band, organized by a Prussian, born in Berlin, and named Berger, who was formerly oboist in the second regiment of Foot Guards. Some eight years ago, King Lunalilo, King Kalakua’s predecessor on the Hawaiian throne, applied to the Prussian Minister of War for a member of a military band who might organize such a band on the Prussian system in Honolulu. The Minister of War made the request public, and the successful candidate for the post was the oboist Berger, who, liberally provided with money for travelling expenses, forthwith started for Honolulu. Several natives blessed, according to Hawaiian ideas, with a natural aptitude for music, were placed at his disposal, and with these he began his course of instruction. That his task was neither easy nor simple will readily be believed. Still, it was not long before he had got his pupils on so far as to be capable of executing short military signals on the horn and drum. Other instruments, having then been ordered from a Berlin manufacturer, the Hawaiian musicians were taught how to use them, and initiated in the secrets of musical notation. The band progressed and was increased in numbers. The members were soon able to execute on festive occasions the national hymns of different countries. It is true, they were rather badly off with regard to outward equipment. They had a kind of uniform coat and trousers, but were provided with boots only at special solemnities; as a rule, they played at concerts and during his Majesty’s dinner—in their feet. This was during King Lunalilo’s reign. The present King speedily adopted measures to have his national band dressed as nearly as possible in accordance with European notions. When Prince Heinrich, on his tour round the world, landed at Honolulu, he was surprised at his reception by the strains of the national hymns, executed quite correctly: “Hell dir im Siegerkranz” and “Ich bin ein Preusse,” executed with almost uniform precision and correctness; to his astonishment, moreover, the instruments were in the hands of coloured performers, and it was not until bandmaster Berger, the Berlin oboist, was presented, that the matter became clear to him. . . . Berger is very much respected and liked by the Court at Honolulu, and by the European colony in the place. Several years since, he visited his mother in Berlin, but stopped only for a short time before returning to Hawaii.—*Musik-Welt*.

VIENNA.—Three new buffo operas are looming in the distance. Suppé is working away on his *Herabfall* for the Carl-Theater; Millocker, on *Die Jungfrau von Belleville*; and Strauss on his *Lustiger Krieg*, which he thinks will be ready for production at the Theater an der Wien in November. On the 11th inst., Strauss celebrated at Schönan the fiftieth anniversary of his first waltz, which he composed, when a boy of six, in the beginning of August, 1831. It was often played at home, but would probably have now been forgotten had not his Sister written it down. Since then, Strauss has composed 398 pieces of dance-music, to which during the last ten years he has added seven buffo operas: *Indigo*, *Der Carneval in Rom*, *Die Fledermaus*, *Cagliostro*, *Blindekuh*, *Das Spitzentuch*, and *Prinz Methusalem*.

The Two Comets.



The big comet, Richard, was also to appear this summer; but only the little comet, Anton, troubled the skies. The little comet, Anton, however, made a great bruit, and there was much commotion among the people. The great comet, Richard, will of course dedommager us next year, while the little comet may degommer the Muscovites.

DEATH.

On August 15th, at 20, Warwick Crescent, le Chevalier de CHATELAIN, aged 81.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AUT-RUBINSTEIN-AUT NOBODY.—*Très bien*—So be it. Give us "Nobody." Our correspondent is wrong about the wonderful boy-pianist, Charles Filtach, whose first appearance in London was not at St James's Hall (St James's Hall at that time being *in nubibus*), nor at the Hanover Square Rooms, but at the St James's Theatre, on the 14th of June, 1843, when, between the second and third pieces, he played a *fantasia* by Liszt, a *nocturne*, *impromptu*, and *valse* by Chopin. So "Aut-Rubinstein-aut Nobody" may shut up. The rest of his communication is beneath notice.

SAGAMORE.—Assuredly there is some resemblance between Tully and St John; but Tully was the original, St John the copy, and Kikero more logical, eloquent, and subtle than Bolingbroke. Read John Toland's *Letters to Serena*; follow up with Nicolas Blount's *Oracles of Reason*, and then commit suicide. "Sagamore" knows better. He has found "something to his advantage" in Leland's *Answer to the Deists*; but if that does not thoroughly enlighten him, instead of consulting Anthony Collins (*Grounds and Reasons*), Morgan (*Moral Philosophy*), Tyndal (*Christianity as old as the Creation*), or the *Pantheisticon* of Toland, let him go at once to Boethius and finish up with Godwin's *Essay on Sepulchres* (best book, after all). He cannot overlook the fact that the old Chaldeans recognized two sovereign principles of Good and Evil, in Oromazes and Arimanes. (Balfie put Arimanes in his opera, *Satanella*, and straightway purified him.—Dr Btidge.)

ERRATA.—(Page 516) for "Columba" read Columbia. (Page 520) for "vagren-men" read vagrom men, which is purer Dogberry.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1881.

PILLS FOR CANDIDATES.

(Administered by Dr Beard.)

TO WILHELM GANZ.

Tell me, O Ganz! whence comes the following:—



You will observe that there are two themes in combination. Work them out. Also explain where and how a third theme may come in, as counterpoint to one (and which) of the others. Invent new theme, thereby much obliging

Otto Beard.

SARAH BERNHARDT begins her continental tour, under MM. Duquesnil and Simon, at Lille, on the 26th inst. *La Dame aux Camélias* is selected for her *début*, to be succeeded in the evening by Victor Hugo's *Ernani*. She then visits Holland, her first town being Rotterdam.

TELEPHONIC communication on the Bell-Blake system has just been established between Bilse's Grand Orchestra, the "Muschel," as it is called, and the Brothers Drexel's old German Wine Rooms, so that for the future the patrons of the latter will be able to hear the orchestra performing of an evening while they themselves are comfortably sipping their wine.—*Frankfurter Ausstellungs-Zeitung*.

MISS MINNIE HAUKE is to sing at a "Cur"-concert in Homburg on Tuesday the 23rd inst. in association with Herr Hugo Heermann, the well-known Frankfort violinist. Her choice of pieces includes excerpts from Lotti, Beethoven, Rubinstein, Taubert, and Bizet, besides the "Ave Maria" of Gounod built upon J. S. Bach's first Prelude in the *Good-tempered Clavier*. Minnie has resigned the engagements proposed to her for Ems and Baden, in order to enjoy uninterrupted her short holiday in Switzerland.

MID (ST. GEORGE'S) CHANNEL.



MANAGER (in a brown study).—They have had *Lohengrin* in Liverpool; they shall have *Lohengrin* in Dublin; they shall have *Lohengrin* in Manchester, in Glasgow, in Birmingham, in Leeds, in Bristol, in Dumfries, in Newcastle-on-Tyne, at Stoney Stratford, and Newcastle-under-Lyne, also in many Welsh towns, and at Douglas in Man; they shall have *Lohengrin* at Penzance (for the "Pirates"), and all Wagner's operas, including the "Tetralogy." At Ashby de la Zouch I will give *Tristan* and the *Minnesinger*. I will keep *Parsifal* for Tadcaster, where Ramsden ("Pom" Ramsden) shall give a supper at the Service Tree and Sable, inviting Dishley Peters. I will Lohengrise the country, I will Tannhauserise, I will Tetralogise—in fact, I will Wagnerise the realm. Balfie's *Painter of Antwerp* looks well on paper; Cowen, no doubt, will remodel his *Pauline*; but Sullivan wants one hundred (cool!) a night for his Bedouin *Antar*, and one hundred consecutive performances ensured; while Franke franks me Wagner in totality. I will Wagnerise the realm, and the "World" will say (*pace* Dr Blidge) that I am better than was Ali to Mahomet of the hanging coffin. I have seized Schott, and can do it. That is my plan. (*Vessel ships a sea which washes Manager into the cabin.*)

HAMBURG.—The Stadttheater is to have next season a new drop scene, designed by a local artist, Hans Speckter, illustrating the history of the Hamburg stage. In the border will be medallion-portraits of the promoter of the first German operahouse, Senator Gerhard Schott (born 1641, died 1703); of the real founder of German dramatic art, Konrad Ekhof (born in Hamburg, 1720, died at Gotha, 1778), who is also commemorated by a bronze relief at the base of the Lessing Monument; of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing; and of Ludwig Schröder, actor, manager, and dramatist, first to direct public attention in Germany to Shakspeare. There will be, moreover, a view of the old Operahouse, now pulled down, in the Gänsemarkt, and, on the opposite side, one of the present Stadttheater.

In Re "Parsifal."

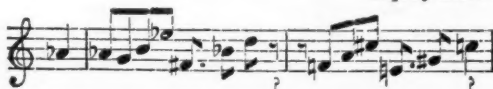
"Loometh in the far."—Old Poet.



Titirel tu patula recubans sub tegmine fagi, &c.

O Titirel! Where's the *césura*?

Inquiry Motive.



GHOST OF TITIREL.—I know not. Ask Amfortas.

GHOST OF AMFORTAS.—I know not. Ask Klingsor.

GHOST OF KLINGSOR.—I know not. Ask Gurnemanz.

GHOST OF GURNEMANZ.—I know not. Ask Parsifal.

GHOST OF PARSIFAL.—I know not. Ask Kundry.

GHOST OF KUNDRY.—I know not. Ask Adelina.

ADELINA (*in the flesh*).—I know not. Ask Christine.CHRISTINE (*in the flesh*).—I know not. Ask Albani.EMMA ALBANI (*in the flesh*).—I know not. Ask Materna Brünnhilde.MATERNA BRÜNNHILDE (*in the flesh*).—I know not. Ask the Blätter.WOLZGEN AND RUBINSTEIN-NOT-ANTON-NOT-NICHOLAS (*in the flesh*).—We know not. Ask the Master.THE MASTER (*happily in the flesh*).—My word is law! Shall spoken the word be ere long.

The word ere long shall be spoken.

Ere long shall be spoken the word.

What gleams there strong in the changing glow?

Dawnless shadow!

Sarah's thy name.

Kundry Bernhardt is thy nature!

Songless shadow!

Covering my sight.

Formless Kundry!

Now art thou formed.

Thy speech shall be song.

Thy song shall be speech.

Thy muteness be music.

Rest thou silent in the copse.

The yellow leaves shall turn green.

As thou sleep'st they shall echo thy breathing.

The soft winds shall court and caress them.

O Sarah, thou art my Kundry!

O Kundry, thou art my Sarah!

Behold, my Franz!

Thou hast hit on Cæsura.

[From which it would appear that Sarah Bernhardt is the Kundry elect. Well, let those who have studied the character—one of the most original and marvellous ever conceived by poet—name another artist "on live" more gifted to understand and to the imagination realise it than the incomparable S. B. She paints, moreover; why should she not sing? With such a voice too—a voice of voices! I will coach her in the music without pine.

T. Querr.]

JOSEPH HAYDN AS A "CHILD OF APOLLO."*

M. Maurice Decourcelle, an agreeable composer, and, at the same time, an eminent professor, as well as a thorough gentleman, has just published a sort of musical history of a Society which was celebrated during the later half of the last century, and still exists, including among its members a large number of writers and artists of all kinds. *La Société Académique des Enfants d'Apollon* (1741—1780) is the title of the book, in which M. Decourcelle published for the first time the programmes of the concerts given by the Society, the list of members, the names of artists who took part in its musical festivals, and lastly a return of its periodical meetings. Among these "Children of Apollo," we come across a great many celebrities, comprising, Grétry, Philidor, Piccini, Sacchini, Martini, Laruelle, La Houssaye, Viotti, Cherubini, Balbâtre, Berton, Caillot, the Chevalier de St Georges, Séjan, Kalkbrenner, Garat, Auber, Elleviou, Kreutzer, Nourrit, Mazas, Crescentini, Nicolo, Paisiello, Garcia, Gossec, Rode, Baillot, Habeneck, Méhul, Clementi, Monsigny, Toulou, Ponchard, &c. Among the interesting documents quoted is the following previously unpublished letter in which the great Haydn thanks the Society for having elected him a member:—

"Vienna, the 7th May, 1808.

"Gentlemen,—The choice which the Academical Society of the Children of Apollo has deigned to make, when inscribing my name on the list of its members, I feel to be as flattering as exquisitely touching. In assuring the Society, through your instrumentality, that it could honour no one more ready to appreciate its esteem and better able to feel the value of the honour resulting therefrom, I beg, Gentlemen, that you will allow my sentiments to be explained after your own, and that you will act at the same time the interpreters of my gratitude for the marks of distinction, in the shape of a copy of your statutes and regulations, accompanied by a gold medal, which you have forwarded me.

"You have strewn, Gentlemen, a few flowers on the path I have yet to travel in life; I am deeply touched at this and feel vividly that, though age may weaken the faculties, it takes nothing from the power of feeling, for it is the latter which causes me to regret that my great age forbids me from nourishing the hope of seeing myself among you, of participating in your labours, of co-operating in the cultivation of an art which constitutes the charm of society, and of sharing in the celebrity enjoyed for such dear and precious seasons by the Academy. This is a consolation that my infirmities compel me to renounce, and my regret is as acute as my gratitude is profound. Deign to receive my assurance of this, accompanied by the expression of the most sincere esteem and of the highest respect. I am your very humble and very obedient servant,

"JOSEPH HAYDN."

THE charming Mila Rodani, so much regretted by all frequenters of Her Majesty's Theatre, is at Homburg.

FRANCESCO SCHIRA, "*l'eminente compositore e il maestro preferito dell' high-life lordinense*," as the *Trovatore* calls him, has been some time in Milan.

* By Arthur Pougin in *Le Guide Musical*.

Amphigouri.



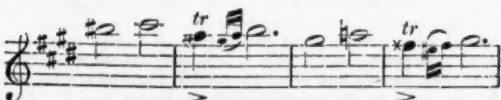
SQUIRE RIPPINGTON PIPE.—Did you hear the "Moonlight Sonata?"

MR TENANT HARMLESS (*great connoisseur*).—Yes, with rapture.

SQUIRE RIPPINGTON PIPE.—What became of the shakes on A sharp and F double sharp, page 7, Halle's edition?

MR TENANT HARMLESS.—Don't know, but in Dorrell's edition they are all there.

SQUIRE RIPPINGTON PIPE.—In the edition—on paper, I dare say; but on the piano? Listen (*whistles*):—



MR TENANT HARMLESS.—I say they were all there.

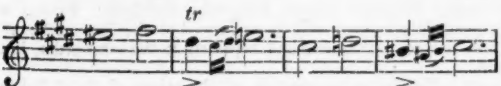
SQUIRE RIPPINGTON PIPE.—Where?

MR TENANT HARMLESS.—There.

SQUIRE RIPPINGTON PIPE (*emphatically*).—They were no where. And again, in the second part, where were the shakes on D sharp and B sharp—Halle, page 11? I longed for them but did not hear them.

MR TENANT HARMLESS.—In Dorrell's they are all there.

SQUIRE RIPPINGTON PIPE.—On paper? Yes, but on the piano? Listen (*whistles*):—



MR TENANT HARMLESS.—You can't whistle like the Alchemyst at Drexel Brothers' Hotel de Russie, Frankfurt. No such whistling is to be heard elsewhere. And then he played *prestissimo*.

SQUIRE RIPPINGTON PIPE.—Why *prestissimo*, when he couldn't articulate the notes? What's that to do with my whistling?


MR TENANT HARMLESS.—The audience applauded with enthusiasm and—and—

SQUIRE RIPPINGTON PIPE.—And—and so they applauded the *Moto continuo* and the *Polacca* in E. Balin! I never heard such a scrimmage!

MR TENANT HARMLESS.—Balin! nor I—by Grummorsom Grummorsom!

SQUIRE RIPPINGTON PIPE.—And this (*tries to whistle*):—



What became of the ?

MR TENANT HARMLESS.—It was all there, by Jingo!

SQUIRE RIPPINGTON PIPE.—By Jingo! You're a Zebra! (*Puffs smoke in face of MR TENANT HARMLESS, who ezi without paying "rint."*)

THE KAISER AT THE AUSTELLUNG.

Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Aug. 8.

Shortly after 9 o'clock this morning, the Emperor Wilhelm drove from the Russischer Hof, where he is stopping, to the Industrial Exhibition. He was greeted on his arrival by a large concourse of people. Director Schiele, chairman of the Committee, made an appropriate address, and the Emperor then set out on his tour of inspection. His Majesty examined with evident interest the exhibits of various forms, both native and foreign, and in some cases, for instance in that of artistic locksmith's work, had the process of manufacture explained to him. In the course of his visit he turned round to the chief Burgomaster, Dr Miquel, and remarked: "This is a very splendid Exhibition." On his reaching the stand of W. Schell, of Offenbach, a paper weight with his initials was made for him and pleased him very much. He said, when the article was handed him: "What wonderful things we live to see in our old age!" When looking at the plans exhibited by Herr Ravenstein, he requested to be shown the road by which he had driven from his hotel, and, casting a glance at the particular map, observed: "I am astounded at the growth of the town." He inspected very minutely C. Shürmann's exhibits, and purchased as a memento of his visit a silver shell and angel. He paid as much attention to the French and Austrian as to the German department; in the first, it was the carriages sent by Million Guiet, of Paris, which most interested him. The rich display of porcelain made by Bing, Junr., as well as that contributed by Niel. Franz, of this town; the carpenter's work of Bembé, Mayence; the products shown by the Frankfort Gold and Silver Refining Establishment; the stands of F. Heim, Offenbach; Ferd. Flinsch, Osterrieth, Bauer, Stolwerk, etc., also possessed great attractions for him. He remained in the building more than an hour and then took a drive through the Park, stopping to indulge in a refreshing draught at the Old German Pavilion of the Brothers Drexel. To the Mesdames Drexel, who presented him with two bouquets, he most graciously remarked: "The flowers are portraits of yourselves." Then followed a visit to the Art Exhibition, breakfast in the Pavilion of Princes, and drive back to Town. About 1 o'clock his Majesty returned to Coblenz.—*Frankfurter Beobachter*, August 8.

MONTE-CARLO.—M. Jules Cohen has been retained as manager of the operatic performances by M. Blanc, and is busy organizing his company. Report asserts him to be in negotiation with Mmes Albani, Nilsson, Mdle Marie Vanzandt, MM. Faure, Maurel, and Maurice Devriès (the last from the Theatre Royal at the Hague.) Signor Tagliafico will again be stage-manager.

STOCKHOLM.—At the invitation of King Oscar, Mdme Christine Nilsson, now stopping at her favourite baths of Mont Dore, will take part in the festivities shortly to be given in honour of the Crown Prince.

THE MUSIC OF THE SANDS.

(By one of the Crowd.)

A popular watering-place, confessedly full to its utmost capacity, would be warm sojourning, even in the autumn time, when the weather had grown cooler. Ramsgate is not full, the testimony of our visual organs to the contrary notwithstanding. The street pavements are barely wide enough for the double tide of leisurely pedestrians that throng them; the roadways resound with the cries of exasperated fly-drivers who cannot make headway; the harbour promenade is alive with gay company; the boatmen are all busy, and the shilling yachts, at times, experience a difficulty in keeping an excess of their registered number of passengers from swarming on board; bribery and corruption are practised in the most barefaced manner on bathing attendants, with a view to procuring an unfair reversion to bathing machines, already bespoke three deep; the sands are so crowded that, excepting at low water, it is a mere mockery to hire a donkey, the animal's rate of progression depending on its driver's ability to elbow a passage for it through the crush. Nevertheless Ramsgate is not full. Inquire of the tradespeople, of the fly-drivers, of lodging-house keepers, of the bathing-machine proprietors, and they all will tell you that business is not at present at its briskest, and that there is plenty of room for hundreds of visitors—for thousands if it comes to that—who may yet arrive. They are witnesses whose testimony may be credited, but it is a matter difficult to understand. It is no purpose of mine, however, to attempt a solution of the mystery or enter on a lengthy disquisition respecting the expansive capacity of seaside resorts generally. So that the crowd is happy, and contented and gay, and good-humour rules the roast, let Ramsgate inscribe over her railway portals and on the landing stages of her steamboat piers "The more the merrier," and continue to prosper.

But however full Ramsgate may be, and no matter how spirited the competition for eligible lodgings, there is one class of visitors for whom accommodation must be provided. Though they figure more prominently, perhaps, than any other class, and would be sooner missed if they unanimously resolved to take their departure, they are not reckoned among the fashionable arrivals, and their names would be sought in vain in the list of Ramsgate's latest patrons. Indeed, as a rule they are so wretchedly poor that it is only in the town's back settlements they can find householders willing to receive them. They are the musicians of the sands. If the wild waves of Ramsgate are ever sad during the summer, it cannot be that they are pining for a little music. They might at times, perhaps, object to its quality. Indeed, if they occasionally rose in rebellion at the execrable instrumentation to which it is their doom to play monotonous accompaniment, it would be no great wonder. If all the wandering minstrels one meets with on that strip of golden foreshore could be induced to form themselves into a procession, or, better still, if they would engage some capacious public building and hold a concert in which every instrumentalist, to the best of his ability, should take a part, the result would be an entertainment to remember, though perhaps not to wish frequently repeated. That the nigger fraternity should, after so many years of licence and encouragement, regard Ramsgate sands as their own particular Tom Tiddler's ground is not surprising, or that in their boundless faith in the "bones" and banjo as popular favourites there should be of both a supply somewhat in excess of the demand. On the other hand, one would scarcely expect to find an abundance of organ-men. It is a far cry from Saffron Hill to Thanet's Isle; but the Italian dispenser of music from the barrel has a quick ear for the chink of money, and he has heard it and responded. At both Margate and Ramsgate the organ-man is such a familiar object as to justify the assumption that with a large number of the tribe it is a part of their programme to visit these much-frequented seaside resorts in the season. Why not? It is not as it used to be with them. It would have been a serious undertaking for a grinder to tramp from the metropolis with a musical burden at his back weighing, perhaps, three quarters of a hundredweight. But he is no longer his own porter. He aspires to a wheeled-piano, and has a labourer, male or female, to drag the machine along the roads and to turn the handle as well, his light rôle as "boss" being to collect the money. And when the sultry weather of August sets in, it must be a great temptation to quit for a time the stifling slums of Leather Lane and start on the pleasant and lucrative excursion—grinding his way by easy stages through the sunny villages and towns of Kent, joined one to the other with golden links of corn-growing country, through Dartford and Rochester, and Chatham and Canterbury, and so on to Margate and Broadstairs, and Ramsgate and Deal, and Dover, and, after a few weeks of invigorating sea-air, drift, in a leisurely way, back to London again.

After all, perhaps, it is not astonishing that Saffron Hill should be amply represented at Ramsgate, or that a large proportion of the

ordinary-skilled musicians of the streets of London, including German bands by the dozen, should find their way thither. But these by no means exhaust the list. There are fiddlers, British and foreign, and harpists, and concertina players, and handbell ringers, and Whitechapel Spaniards with brigand sashes and slouch hats, who twang guitars and sing love songs in purest Whitechapel Spanish, and bands of Tyrolean minstrels, clad in rags and sheepskin; and besides these there is the unhappy nondescript who by means of an ingenious combination of strings and treadles performs at one and the same time on a drum, blows a trumpet, bangs a pair of cymbals, and tinkles a triangle, all to the accompaniment of a row of jangling bells mounted on the top of his shining brass helmet. There are scores of others with whose musical madness is mingled no grain of method, and who would not earn enough to buy them bare bread and pay for the poorest of poor lodgings at night, were it not for the commiseration their pitiful efforts excite. But here it may be remarked, that in no way does the genial influence of the seaside and its immediate surroundings so markedly manifest itself as in prevailing on people not only to forget their animosity for these various "performers" who at home are the daily torment of their lives, but to reward them handsomely for their unsolicited service. There seems to be something in the unstinted freedom of air and ocean that instigates a corresponding liberality in the holiday visitor, which incites him to an easy-going and reckless squandering of small change that at ordinary times he would never dream of indulging in. It must be because they are aware of this that so many unmitigated "duffers" in the musical line of business make their way to Ramsgate when the popular season is at its best. Here, for instance, is a gaunt poor wretch who has fastened on to a jovial family party lounging in the cool shade of a stranded bathing machine, his only excuse for so doing being that he is able to blow something that bears a remote resemblance to "Home, sweet home" on a cracked old flute. There is nothing in his aspect to denote him insane, which is worth noting, inasmuch as nothing but total aberration of intellect could account for his harbouring even a suspicion that he possessed the least musical talent. But that, seemingly, is no particular disadvantage under present circumstances. The performance concluded, he bares his bald head, and presents his battered old hat, and, as though it were a matter of course, all pleasure apart, those he solicits drop a penny or two into it, and he limps away to begin again (the "Mariner's Grave" is the lively tune he plays this time), not more than six yards distant. He is unmistakably from London, as are two other musicians—a man and a woman—close at hand. It would be difficult to imagine a more preposterous pretence of singing and playing than that exhibited by this last-mentioned pair. The instrument was an accordion mounted on a tressle, and there were such rifts in its bellows that the draught was enough to give any one ear-ache who sat within three yards of it; it was all out of tune, and several of its notes were deficient, while, as for the man's vocalization, it was as excruciating almost as the sharpening of a saw. It seemed incredible they could ever have brought themselves to believe that such a wretched performance would pass muster with the most indifferent, and that they, having considered the matter, could have come to the conclusion that it would be worth while to travel from London by cheap train, or, what is more probable, shoulder the tressle and the old rattle-box and tramp the long eighty miles to "try their luck" on Ramsgate sands. It would seem that the most enduring luck must break down being so sorely tried, but theirs, miraculously fortified, survived the severe strain. There they were, and as far as one might judge they had found no reason to repent the venture.

(To be continued.)

MUNICH.—Wagner's *Rienzi*, *Fliegender Holländer*, *Tristan und Isolde*, and *Meistersinger* will be performed at the Theatre Royal in the first half of next month and repeated, in the same order, in the second.

PÉSTH.—The following account of the origin of the "Rakoczy March" is given by a local paper: When Francis Rakoczy II. returned with his troops from the battle of Szabo, he heard the melody played, on the 10th November, 1705, by a Hungarian named Barna Miska. The latter felt so honoured by the warrior's approbation that he gave the march his patron's name. A descendant of Miska's, the "handsome Zinka," played it all over the country and soon made it very popular. The first to write it down was a certain Abbé Vacek; the first to publish it, a musician named Ruszicska. Since that time it has been tricked out in Hungary with all sorts of embellishments to suit the tastes of various performers. It was introduced, as most persons are aware, by Hector Berlioz, into his *Damnation de Faust*.

A VARIATION BY SCHUBERT.

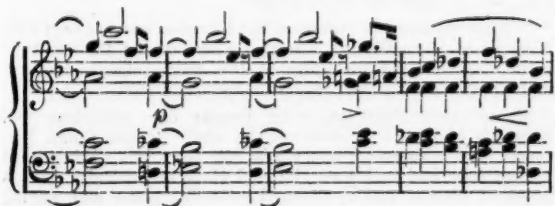
MY DEAR PETERS.—I have left my place on the coast to escape the excursionists; and in moving my music found a copy of the 50 variations on a waltz by Diabelli, which that renowned firm procured, variation by variation, from all the best known Austrian composers of the day (doubtless without paying for them), and published in 1823. Beethoven, you know, was asked to contribute, but his muse outran the publishers' intentions, and presented them with 33, which were published separately as Op. 120. However, to cut a long story short, among the 50 is a variation by Franz Schubert, which seems never to have been republished, and which has escaped even the keen nose of Herr Nottebohm, author of the comprehensive, and generally accurate, thematic catalogue of Schubert's works. It is only a trifle, but the trifles of such men as Schubert are often of value. I send it you with my blessing.

FLAMBOROUGH HEAD, Bart.

The Yorkshire Wolds,
13th August, 1881.

P.S. There is a variation by Liszt in the same collection which that doughty master has dropped out of his Catalogue, and which no one (not even Miss Lina Ramann) knew of till it was unearthed in the article on Liszt in Grove's *Dictionary of Music*. Shall I send you that too?

["Assurément"—as Théophile Gautier used to respond, in the few and short intervals vouchsafed him by the incessantly flowing eloquence of Victor Hugo—intervals not granted for discussion, but solely for quadrosyllabic assent to what Hugo, whose opinion was not to be gainsaid, had proclaimed as gospel. *Assurément*. D. P.]



Kundry and Parsifal.



KUNDRY.—Here bide thee, Parsifal!

My noble knight look up,
Nor Love's delights repel!

PARSIFAL.—Calledst thou me, who am nameless?

KUNDRY.—Thou, guileless fool, art Parsifal.

That thou should'st find me, I but tarried here.

PARSIFAL.—Pernicious one! Get thee from me!

Leave me—leave me—for aye! (*Resists the*

fascination and escapes.)

[Thou very silly, parsimonious Joseph!—Dr Blügel.]

HINT FOR SAMUEL HAYES, ESQ.—Auber—Auber—AUBER—Auber! *Verbum sap.*

HENRY IRVING is scouring, devouring, and enchanting the provinces.

MR ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN has been taking a holiday at Homberg. May the baths, renowned for their salubrious and curative properties, do him all the good that he himself, or his nearest friends could desire.

WAIFS.

Mr Wilhelm Ganz is staying at Ostend with his family.

Verger, the barytone, intends taking a holiday till September.

The Scala will probably re-open with *Semiramide* and *I Puritani*.

Aida has recently been performed at Saragossa and San Sebastian.

Lassalle returns to the Grand Opera, Paris, on the 1st September.

The King of Sweden has finished a drama, *The Castle of Kronborg*.

The Theatre at Cadiz and the Politeama at Bologna have been burnt down.

A Russian version of Suppé's *Boccaccio* has been produced in St Petersburg.

The season at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, was inaugurated with *Fidelio*.

It is said that Teresina Singer is about to marry a wealthy gentleman of Palermo.

Sardou's *Patrie*, translated into modern Greek, has proved a great success in Athens.

The celebrated critic, Eduard Hanslick, has been decorated with the Order of Leopold.

Mad. Peschka Leutner recently sang with great success at two concerts in Milwaukee (U.S.).

The Municipality of Verona have refused to vote the usual grant for the Teatro Filarmonico.

Vierling's new oratorio, *Alarich*, forms part of the Berlin Sing-Akademie's programme for next season.

Marie Durand is at Lucca, where she remains till the 20th inst. From Lucca she goes to St Petersburg.

Engel, the tenor, has been singing the part of Wilhelm Meister at Barcelona, to the Mignon of Galli-Marié.

Mad. Carlotta (sister of Adelina) Patti and her husband, M. de Munck, the violoncellist, are at Homburg.

Mad. Marie Roze's American engagements have been cancelled, as she cannot leave England before next spring.

According to report, *Tizianello*, new opera by Raval Pugno, has been accepted at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels.

Trevisan, manager of the Teatro Fenice, Venice, proposes including *Lohengrin* in his programme for the Carnival season.

Maurice Grau has been doing tolerably good business with his French operatic company in the principal cities of South America.

In the "*Rauchtheater*" at Berlin smoking is to be prohibited from the 1st of October next. (Too late for a hint to Mr A. Gwyllyn Crowe?)

Mr John Cross and Miss Rosa Hyde have been singing Offenbach's operetta, *Lisken and Fritzchen*, with success at the Bijou Theatre, Rosherville.

Victor Masset has completed his opera, *La Nuit de Cléopâtre*, and remodelled his cantata, *Les Saisons*.—(Not before it wanted it.—Dr Blügel.)

Two new operas, *El ultimo Abenceraje*, by Señor Pedrell, and *Mitridates*, by Señor Serrano, have been produced at the Teatro Real, Madrid.

Buenos-Ayres will shortly boast of a new theatre, the National Theatre, which, in strict conformity with its name, is to be inaugurated with Italian opera.

Pradeau, pianist and son of the comic (very comic.—Dr Blügel.) actor of the same name, succeeds Nicolas Rubinstein as Director of the Moscow Conservatory.

Giuseppe Ciampi, the *bouffe qui ne fait pas rire* (and, therefore, would not have pleased Louis XV.) is reposing on his estate at Dolo after the fatigues of last season.

Mad. Trebelli, accompanied by Sig. Ghilberti, vocalist, M. Ovid Musin, violinist, and Sig. Bisaccia, pianist, is making a tour through Sweden and Norway.—(Connu.—Dr Blügel.)

Mdles Caroline Salla, Isaac, Belocca, and Marie Vanzandt, have been at Caunterets, whence the last named lady will proceed successively to St Moritz, the Engadine, and Copenhagen.

The heat seems to have had a sad effect upon the inhabitants of Florence. During a performance of his *Napolitani del 1799*, Cossa was called on forty times. (400 times.—Dr Blügel.)

Mdles Salla is engaged to sustain the part of the heroine in M. Ambroise Thomas's *Françoise de Rimini* at the Paris Grand-Opera. She receives 100,000 francs, with two months' holiday, a year.

After a comparative retirement of some years, B. Ullmann, the well-known *impresario*, is again to the front, organizing a concert-tour with Mdmes Albani, Norman-Neruda, and other eminent celebrities.

Vaucorbeil, who contemplated a short holiday in Switzerland, was obliged to content himself with two days at a watering place and has now returned to Paris; such are the pressing exigencies of the Grand Opera.

Mdme Carlotta Patti, with her husband, M. de Munck, and Herr Stiasny, a young pianist, pupil of Liszt's, is making a concert-tour, which is to last some months and include the principal watering-places of Germany and Bohemia.

The Bow and Bromley Institute have engaged Dr Spark, of Leeds, to give a lecture on music generally and choral music in particular. To illustrate the latter Dr Spark will bring a detachment of the famous Yorkshire choir.

It is probable that, in addition to Massenet's *Herodiade*, the list of novelties next season at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, will include A. Boito's *Mefistofele*, Saint-Saëns' *Etienné Marcel*, Delibes' *Jean de Nivelle*, and Mozart's *Entführung*.

C. Oberthür's overture to *Rübezahl* has recently been performed under Herr Könneman at Baden-Baden, as well as at Kissingen and Schwalbach. The same composer's Cantata, *The Pilgrim Queen*, given last year at St James's Hall, has been selected for performance by the Ladies Choral Society of Ratisbon (Bavaria), for which purpose the composer has scored it for orchestra.

The French Government has decided on bestowing the Cross of the Legion of Honour on Got, of the Comédie Française, in his capacity of professor at the Conservatoire. Samson and Regnier were decorated in the same capacity, but after their retirement from the stage, so that Got's decoration is a step towards the bestowing of the honour on actors. Actors who aspire to it will henceforth only have to get appointed professors at the Conservatoire to render themselves eligible. The present compromise is due to the sympathies and esteem of the public for the new Chevalier.

PROVINCIAL.

BEVERLEY.—The organ recital in St Mary's Church, by Dr Spark of Leeds, attracted a large and appreciative audience. In promoting such recitals, the Vicar affords excellent opportunities for developing that high class playing which Dr Spark has long been cultivating in the hope of influencing young organists in the proper study of the instrument. Many large organs placed in our churches at great cost are almost useless, except in ordinary church services; but Canon Pelham is setting an example worthy of imitation.—*Eastern Morning News*, August 5th.

LEEDS.—The second series of "Free organ recitals," by Dr Spark, Borough Organist, begins this evening. It is stated that during the first upwards of 70,000 people attended. The programmes of the new series will consist of high class music, which is evidently appreciated by the general public of Leeds, to whom entertainment and instruction are thus simultaneously administered.

THE Hengler Cirque Promenade Concerts came to an unexpected close on Friday night the 12th. Never mind, Weist Hill, you are made for better things.

WE are requested to state that Herr Franke, who has been with Wagner at Bayreuth, has arranged with him for the exclusive right of performing the opera of *Die Meistersinger* in England and America during the years 1882, 1883, and 1884.

MUSIC AND POLITICS.—"In Prussia our politicians find moments of leisure to cultivate the arts." It was Count Bismarck who addressed these words last year to a distinguished Italian who had called on him, and whom he forthwith gave a proof of what he said by sitting down at the piano and playing something of his own. "It is the same in Italy," replied the visitor, and, being endowed with a marvellous memory, he repeated from beginning to end, the piece he had heard. The visitor was Sig. Mancini, at present head of the Italian cabinet, and, according to the papers, it is from the fact above related that spring the cordial relations now existing between the Minister of King Umberto and the Chancellor of the Emperor William. We will not swear that the anecdote is true, but, at any rate, we may mention that Herr Bitter, Prussian Minister of Finance, owes probably to his love of musical art the partiality evinced for him by Prince Bismarck. Before he was Prussian Minister of Finance, Herr Bitter wrote a Biography of J. S. Bach, one of P. E. Bach, one of G. F. Bach, and a history of Oratorio.—*Renaissance Musicale*.

BERLIN.—Dr Krauss, the baritone, has been singing at Kroll's in *Guillaume Tell* and *Rigoletto*.—An Italian opera company is giving a series of performances at the Central Skating Rink.—The concert-room of the Reichshallen, turned into a Folk's Theatre, will open about the middle of September, with Herr Ziehrer, a Viennese musician, as conductor.—A fire broke out on the 7th inst. in the painting-rooms of Professor Gropius, destroying the scenery, which he had nearly completed, for Shakspeare's *Tempest* at the Theatre Royal. The production of the piece, which was to have taken place at the beginning of the season, is in consequence postponed for some months.

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